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The People's Press.

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SALEM, N. C., APRIL 18, 1878.

NO. 16.

Easter in Germany.

[F. E. Corne, St. Nicholas for April.]

"Oh, look! look! all those pret-
ty little Easter things in the window
already!" exclaimed my little sister
one day, as we passed one of the
largest confectionery stores in Stutt-
gard; and, true enough, though
Lent was but half over, there they
were, a pretty show. Eggs, of
course, in quantities and of all sizes,
from that of an ostrich to a hum-
ming bird's made of chocolate or of
sugar, and gaily decorated with lit-
tle ribbons and pictures. Then
there were fat little unfilled chick-
ens, some just emerging from their
shells, some not an inch long, and
others large as life; pure white
lamb, with ribbons and bells around
their necks; paste-eggs, with holes
at the ends, and, looking through,
behold, a panorama inside! and
eggs with roses on one side, which,
when blown up, emit a musical
sound.

But odder than all these were the
goats playing on guitars, or drag-
ging behind them fairy-like egg-
shaped carriages, with little hares
gravelly driving; and in others of
these carriages were reclining one
or two (generally two) baby hares,
or a hare mother rocking her little
one in an egg cradle; there were
sugar balloons, in the baskets of
which hares watched over their
nests full of eggs; wheelbarrows
full of eggs, and trundled by a hare;
and dainty baskets of flowers, with
birds perched upon each handle,
peering down into nests of eggs half
hidden amidst the blossoms. When
one knows that each nest comes out,
and forms the cover to a box of bon-
bons neatly concealed underneath,
this pretty structure certainly loses
none of its attractiveness.

In all directions signs of the ap-
proaching season begin to appear.
Every old woman in the market-
place offers for sale a store of hard-
boiled eggs, smeared over with some
highly colored varnish, besides candi-
dy chickens, hares, &c., in abun-
dant. All the various shop win-
dows display emblematic articles.
Besides the sugar and chocolate
eggs, there are eggs of soap and of
glass; egg-shaped baskets and re-
ticules; leather eggs, which really
are ladies' companions, filled with
sewing implements; wooden eggs
and porcelain eggs, and even egg-
shaped lockets made of solid gold.

EASTER GAMES IN GERMANY.

Easter Monday is looked upon as a
grand holiday by the peasantry in
many parts of Germany. Weddings
are often deferred to this day, and
many village games are reserved for
this season. The lads and lasses
all appear in their gala costumes;
the girls with short, dark skirts,
braided with gold or silver, snowy
aprons and full white sleeves, bright
colored bodices and odd little caps;
the boys with knee-breeches, white
stockings, low shoes, and scarlet or
yellow vests, the solid gold or silver
buttons on which are often their
whole inheritance. But when they
are dancing gaily together on the
green, they look a good deal hap-
pier than if they were little kings and
queens.

Games vary in different villages
throughout the country, but one ex-
ample will give some idea of what
they are like.

Two of the leading young men of
the place take entire charge of the
day's amusement, selecting for the
purpose as the scene of festivities
some Inn or *Wirtshaus*, to which is
attached a large garden or meadow.

For several preceding evenings,
when work is over, they go about
from house to house, dressed in their
best, and carrying large baskets on
their arms. Everywhere they are
kindly received and bread with
wine or cider is placed before them.
While they eat and drink, the bas-
kets are quietly slipped away by
some member of the family, a gen-
erous donation of eggs is placed
within them, and they are secretly
returned to their places. The eggs
are not asked for, neither are they
alluded to in any way; but the ob-
ject of the visit is well understood
and prepared for long beforehand.

When Monday morning dawns,
the Inn is found to have been gaily
decorated with garlands of green
and fluttering ribbons of many col-
ors. The tree nearest the house is
ornamented in like manner, and on
it the prize to be contended for con-
spicuously hangs. On the smooth
grass hard by a strip, a few feet
wide and perhaps a hundred long,
has been roped in, and at either end
of this narrow plot a large, shallow,
round-bottomed basket, called a
Wanne, is placed, one filled with
eggs, dozens upon dozens, cooked
and raw, white and colored.

The plan of the peculiar game
which follows is that one player is
pitted to run a given distance, while
another safely throws the eggs from
one basket to the other, he who first
completes the task being, of course,
the winner. Accordingly, when the
young men and maidens have arrived,
two leaders draw lots to determine
who shall run and who shall throw.
That decided, the contestants are
gaily decked with ribbons, a band
strikes up a lively air, and the gam-
ing clown clears the way, and the gam-
ing begins. He who throws takes the
eggs, and one after another swiftly
whirls them the length of the course,
and into the chaff-filled basket,
which is held in the hands of an as-
sistant. Occasionally he makes a
diversion by pitching a hard one to
be scrambled for by the crowds of
children who have assembled to see
the sport. Meaning (wide wagers
are laid as to who will likely win)
the other contestant speeds the dis-
tance of a mile or two to an appoint-
ed goal, marks it as proof of his
having touched it, and if he suc-
ceeds in returning before all the
eggs are thrown, the victory and the
prize are his, otherwise they belong
to his opponent. The game finish-
ed, the prize is presented to the vic-
tor with due ceremony and amid the
cheers of the crowd; the hard eggs
are distributed among the company,
and the raw ones carried uproariously
into the neighboring inn, there to
be cooked in various ways and
eaten.

The remainder of the day is
spent in dancing and merry-making,
and if a wedding can possibly be ar-
ranged to take place on that after-
noon the fun is wilder than ever.

HARES AND EASTER EGGS.

It would be difficult to explain
whence came the notion that "The
hares lay the Easter eggs." Queer
hares they must be, indeed, but Ger-
man children believe it as devoutly
as they do that the "Christkind"
brings their Christmas presents, or as
our own little ones do in Santa Claus.
No one knows exactly whence came
this myth. Many think it a relic
of heat worship; but a writer
named Christopher von Schmid, in
an interesting story for children,
suggests this much prettier origin:

Many hundred years ago, a good
and noble lady, Duchess Rosinda
von Lindenburgh, at a time when a
cruel war was devastating the land,
was obliged to fly from her beau-
tiful home in Germany, accompanied
only by her two children and one old
man-servant.

They found refuge in a small min-
ing village in the mountains, where
the simple but contented and happy
inhabitants did what they could for
their comfort, and placed the best
of all they had at the disposal of the
wanderers. Nevertheless, their fare
was miserable; no meat was ever to
be found, seldom fish, and not even
an egg; this last for the very good
reason that there was not a single
hen in the village! These useful do-
mestic fowls, now so common every-
where, were originally brought from
the East, and had not yet found
their way to this secluded place.
The people had not even heard of
such "strange birds." This trou-
bled the kind duchess, who well
knew the great help they are in
housekeeping, and she determined
that the women who had been so
kind to her should no longer be
without them.

Accordingly, the next time she
sent forth her faithful old servant to
try and gather news of his master
and of the progress of the war, she
commissioned him to bring back with
him a coop full of fowls. This he
did, to the great surprise of the sim-
ple natives, and the village children
were greatly excited a few weeks
later at the appearance of a brood of
young chickens. They were so pret-
ty and bright, were covered with
such a soft down, were so open-
eyed, and could run about after their
mother to pick up food the very first
day, and were altogether such a
contrast to blind, bald, unfledged
helpless, ugly little birds they some-
times saw in nests in the hedges,
that they could not find words
enough to express their admiration.

The good lady now saved up eggs
for some time, then invited all the
housewives of the village to a feast,
when she set before them the eggs
prepared in a variety of ways. She
then taught them how to prepare
them for themselves, and distribut-
ing a number of fowls among them,
sent the dames home grateful and
happy.

When Easter approached, she was
anxious to arrange some pleasure for
the village children, but had nothing
to give them, not even an apple or
nut, only some eggs; but that,
she concluded, was after all an ap-
propriate offering, as an egg is the

first gift of the reviving spring.
And then it occurred to her to boil
them with mosses and roots that
would give them a variety of brilli-
ant colors, "as the earth," said she,
"has just laid aside her white man-
tle, and decorated herself with many
colors; for the dear God makes the
fruit and berries not only good to
eat, but also pleasant to look upon,"
and the children's pleasure would
be all the greater.

Accordingly, on Easter Sunday,
after the church service, all the lit-
tle ones of about the age of her own
niece together in a garden; and when
their kind hostess had talked to
them awhile, she led them all into a
small neighboring wood. There she
told them to make nests of moss, and
advised each to mark well his or
her own. All then returned to the
Garden, where a feast of milk soup
with eggs and egg-cakes had been
prepared. Afterwards they went
back to the wood, and found to their
great joy in each nest five beautiful
colored eggs, and on one of these a
short rhyme was written.

The surprise and delight of the
little ones, when they discovered a
nest of the gaily colored treasures,
was very great, and one of them ex-
claimed:

"How wonderful the hens must be
that can lay such pretty eggs! How
I should like to see them!"

"Oh, no, hens could lay such little
beautiful eggs," answered a little
girl. "I think it must have been
the little hare that sprang out of the
juniper bush when I wanted to build
my nest there."

Then all the children laughed to-
gether, and said, "The hares lay the
beautiful colored eggs. Yes, yes! the
dear little hares lay the beautiful
colored eggs!" And then repeated
it till they began to believe it.

Not long afterwards the war end-
ed, and Duke Arno von Linden-
burgh took his wife and children back
to their own palace; but, before
leaving, the Duchess set apart a sum
of money to be expended in giving
the village children every Easter a
feast of eggs. She instituted the
custom also in her own duchy, and
by degrees it spread over the whole
country, the eggs being considered
a symbol of redemption or deliver-
ance from sin.

To this day children living in the
country, go to the woods just before
Easter, and return with their arms
full of twigs and moss, out of which
they build nests and houses, each
child carefully marking his own
with his name. They are then hid-
den behind stones and bushes in the
garden, or, if the weather be cold,
in corners, or under furniture in the
house. And on Easter morning
what an excitement there is to see
what the good little hares have brought!
Not only real eggs, boiled and col-
ored, but sugar ones too, and often
wooden ones that open like boxes,
disclosing, perhaps, a pair of new
gloves or a bright ribbon. He even
sometimes brings ropes, and skip-
ping-ropes, and generally his own
effigy in dough or candy is found
trying to scamper away behind the
nest.

Boys and the Bottle.

Nothing from the pen of Dickens
or Thackeray goes nearer to the fount
of tears than many a scene in child-
life which is occurring every day.
Not long ago I came upon a stag-
gering father who was being led
home by his own little boy. When
the helpless sobbed and was likely
to fall, the lad dextrously steadied
him up again, as if he had acquired
the knack of it from long experience.
The expression of shame and grief
on the poor child's face haunted me
for hours. I shuddered to think that
the accursed appetite might descend
as an hereditary bane, and be pro-
duced in that child in future years.

One of the most hopeless cases of
drunkenness I ever knew was the
case of a church member, whose
father and grandfather were con-
firmed toppers. That the lust for
strong drink is hereditary has been
often proved; but what father has
a right to bequeath such a legacy
of damnation to his offspring?

A few days ago an interesting
lad called at my door with a request
from his mother for me to visit her.

"What is the matter, my lad?"

His countenance clouded over as
he said tearfully, "It's about papa."
The old story! I knew too
well. "Papa had broken loose
again, and the seven evil spirits
which had been cast out had come
back again, and the last state of the
man became worse than before.
Such visits are among the saddest
which a pastor can be called upon
to make; to me, after my long ob-
servation of the clutch which drink
fastens on its victims, they are the
most desperate. There is a bare
possibility that the father may be

saved; but what an example to his
boy! A friend gave me lately the ex-
perience of a skillful professional
man in about the following words:
"My early practice," said the doctor,
"was successful, and I soon attained
an enviable position. I married a
lovely girl; two children were born
to me, and my domestic happiness
was complete. But I was invited
often to social parties where wine
was freely circulated, and I soon be-
came a slave to its power. Before
I was aware of it, I was a drunkard.
My noble wife never forsook me,
taunted me with bitter words, never
ceased to pray for my reformation.
We became wretchedly poor, so that
my family were pinched for daily
bread."

"One beautiful sabbath my wife
went to church, and left me lying
on a lounge, sleeping off my prev-
ious night's debauch. I was aroused
by hearing something fall heavily on
the floor. I opened my eyes, and
saw my little boy of six years old
tumbling on the carpet. His older
brother said to him, 'Now get up
and fall again. That's the way
papa does; let's play we are drunk!'
I watched the child as he personated
my beastly movements in a way
that would have done credit to an
actor. I arose and left the house,
groaning in agony and remorse. I
walked off miles into the country,
thinking over my abominable sin
and the example I was setting be-
fore my children. I solemnly re-
solved that, with God's help, I would
quit my cups; and I did. No lec-
ture I ever heard from Mr. Gough
moved my soul like the spectacle
of my own sweet boys, 'playing
drunk, as papa does.' I never pass
a day without thanking my God
for giving me a praying wife, and
bestowing grace sufficient to con-
quer my detestable bottle. Madam!
if you have a son, keep him, if you
can, from ever touching a glass of
wine."

The narrator of the above touch-
ing story may never see it in these
columns; but if he does, I know he
will pardon its publication. It may
be a timely warning to more than
one father who is by no means a
topper, and yet is putting a wine glass
right before his own children. It
is the ready excuse of many a young
lad for taking a glass of champagne;
"We always have it at home. The
decanter at home kindles the appet-
ite which soon seeks the drinking
saloon. The thoughtless or reck-
less parent gives the fatal push
which sends the boys to destruction."

Long labor in the temperance re-
form has convinced me that the
most effectual place to promote it is
at home. There is the spot where
the mischief is too often done.
There is the spot to enact a "prohibi-
tory law." Let it be written upon
the walls of every house:

Wherever there is a boy, there
should never be a bottle.

For the Press.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The question as to the state of
those who have left this earth has
assumed such proportions that theo-
logians and ministers of the gospel
have been compelled, by popular sen-
timent, to take it up, and state
their views on the subject. It has be-
come the ordinary topic of conversa-
tion: "What do you think of the
'Hell' question?" divides the at-
tention of people equally with
"What are your views on the Silver
Bill?"

The subject was first agitated by
Canon Farrar of Westminster, Lon-
don, some months ago, who, in a
sermon, gave it as his opinion that
there is no such thing as eternal pun-
ishment; he calls it a libel on the
character of the Almighty, and
while he does not utterly deny that
the wicked may receive some punish-
ment, he says a doctrine which con-
demns the larger part of the human
race to eternal torment is monstrous,
outrageous! He interprets his bi-
ble differently.

Many persons are surprised at the
stir the agitation has produced in
Europe and America; it is not
Canon Farrar's treatment of the
subject, high authority though he be
in the church of England, but it is
such an important subject, one in
which every human being is inter-
ested. The fear of eternal punish-
ment hangs like a dark, pitchy cloud
over the sons of Adam; the only ray
of light that pierces the gloom, is the
atonement of Jesus Christ; take the
number of real Christians in the
world, and then see what an over-
whelming majority have no such
hope to cheer them; is it any won-
der if they are interested? Even the
true Christian has his seasons of
doubt and fear of gloom and despon-
dency, when he thinks "What if I
should fail at last?" Then, lo! we
are consoled by tenderest ties with
unbelievers, those who have no hope
of eternal life and happiness. Look

back over the past six thousand
years in which death has held high
carnival on this earth. Whose arith-
matic is sufficient to number those
who have passed away? And which-
er? Not one soul has ever returned
out of this awful, absolute voiceless
silence! We hope, we trust, but
what do we know? The awful finite-
ness of the grave stretches one
before us; in vain we bend eagerly
longing eyes into the great Unknown
years, oh how sadly! For the
touch of a washed hand, and the
sound of a voice that is still, but
the increasing monotony of the
waves of eternity as they beat upon
the shores of time is still a never-
fading horror. Never!

Any book that advances new
ideas on a future state is eagerly
read, though the reader is convinced
the writer knows no more than him-
self. This longing for news from the
Spirit Land, leads to the great popu-
larity of such books as "Gates
Ajar," by Mrs. Phelps, "Gates Wide
Open," and later works of the same
style, in which heaven is treated as
a sort of glorified earth, abounding
with celestial corn-tassels, glorified
potato blossoms for the farmer, pic-
ture-blocks, ginger-snaps, and Mar-
tin Luther's little boy with his pony,
for the children, until we turn dis-
gusted from such irreverence.

The ancient Greeks, the leaders of
human thought, show us a gloomy
Tartarus for the wicked, a prison-
house of despair round which the
flaming Phlegathon rolls its waves
of fire. Sisyphus with his rolling
stone ever falling back upon him,
Tantalus, famishing, suspended be-
tween food and drink, and every in-
genious torture; the Scandinavian
tells of a hill of eternal ice and snow,
black, jagged ice precipices, hill and
every species of frozen torture; the
Mohammedan speaks of the fiery
realm of Eblis, the fallen Lucifer,
where every soul wanders in restless
agony, the right hand fixed immov-
ably on the heart, which is measur-
ably tormented in burning flame.
The Dantean conception of hell is a
fearful thing, and so often alluded to,
it may not be out of place here.

Dante supposes that when Lucifer
fell from heaven, he struck the earth
with such violence as to make a vast,
funnel-shaped chasm, down to the
earth's centre, where he is frozen in
eternal ice; through nine circles
Dante follows the shade of Virgil as
his guide; the first circle is called
Limbo, where are found the souls of
unbaptized children, and the heathen
poets and philosophers, who are
neither in pain nor in glory. In the
second circle lust is punished; in the
third, the souls of gluttons lie howl-
ing under an eternal shower of hail-
stones; in the fourth the avaricious
lie; in the sixth is the fiery city of
Dis, with walls of heated iron, and
baleful watch-fires gleaming from
the towers; in the seventh are those
who have committed murder, plung-
ed in a river of blood, while those
who committed suicide are changed
to trees. The eighth circle is the
gulf of Malebolge, where in 10 con-
centric fosses various sinners suffer,
some seething in a lake of boiling
pitch, hypocrites wearing hoods of
lead, and so on; in the ninth and
last circle the souls of traitors lie,
Judas Iscariot and others, in a frozen
lake, Lucifer in the midst. The fall
of Lucifer made, not only the gulf of
the Inferno, but threw up a cone on
the opposite side of the earth, the
mount of Purgatory, where in seven
broad terraces, seven mortal sins
are purged by suffering.

The Miltonic conception of hell is
too familiar to require repetition.
Suffice it to say that from earliest
times until the present, the idea of
eternal punishment has been an es-
tablished fact, among all peoples; in
every age, varying according to the
circumstances of the race. It is in-
herent in every breast, along with
the idea of a Supreme Being who re-
wards the good and punishes the
bad. It is true the Christian religion
alone reveals a God of mercy and
love, but he is likewise a God of
justice, and in order to reconcile the
two, this life is our probationary
state, in which we can deliberately
choose, or reject eternal happiness.
The Bible must be our guide in this,
as in all other mooted questions, and
it gives forth no uncertain sound,
"And those (the wicked) shall go
away into everlasting punishment, but
the righteous into life eternal;" and
that grandly terrible picture of the
unseen world in the story of Dives
and Lazarus. If these plain teach-
ings of the Bible are to be explained
away by sentimental twaddle, neither
are we aware of the hope of eternal
life, as held out to the finally
faithful. "Thus saith the Lord,"
was sufficient for our forefathers, but
we, their wise children say, "But
bath God said?" and if these old
foundations rock, whereupon shall
we build? Must we give up the Gar-
den of Eden, the rocks of Calvary?
Then are we indeed orphaned, sit-
ting in utter desolation, upon our
burial sod, not knowing whence we
are, or whose we be. Not let us
cleave to our father's Bible, and our
father's God, and when the refuge of
lies is swept away, we will have a
sure covert, a hiding place till all
calamities be overpassed.

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tracting with any one else.

Preparations for Congressional
Caucus.

The Republicans are preparing
actively for a death-struggle for su-
premaccy in the next House. It is
this or ruin to their party. Lead-
ers from the North and West, whose
sagacity and management are recog-
nized as of the highest order, are
here consulting with Zack Chandler,
the national committee, and the Re-
publican leaders of Congress.
Speeches and documents are to be
strewn over the North and West as
thick as autumn leaves, and a quiet,
dangerous canvass is to be carried
on in the Senate. By making a splur-
ge about the shortcomings of a weak
and incompetent doorkeeper they
hope to divert the public attention
from the millions they have stolen,
and the brigades of corrupt men
they have kept in office. The Dem-
ocrats in the meanwhile are investi-
gating the departments and discov-
ering at every turn fresh evidence
of rottenness, but they are not as
active nor as industrious as their op-
ponents in making preparations.
The great trouble is the greed for
office, and the fact that there are
not enough Democrats who think
more of the great equity than of
their personal interests. They will
have to wake up if they would not
lose the next House.

A Talk with a Giant.

In his rambles recently, a *Wig* re-
porter met a rather remarkable
character, no less than a modern
giant. A man who during his brief
stay in Richmond created quite a sen-
sation on the streets as he walked
about, and caused a most overpass-
ing by to turn and look back at him
as he passed. Charles Tumley, the
character referred to, is eight feet in
height and weighs something over
450 pounds. Tumley arrived in the
city yesterday from North Carolina
—on his way to New York in search
of work at his trade—as a plasterer.
He is a quiet and unobtrusive man
in his manners, converses pleasantly
and modestly. Tumley says he has
three brothers who are nearly as
tall as himself, and weigh equally
as much—although all of them are
younger. This modern giant said
to the writer that he never made use
of a scaffold to plaster any ordinary
room. Tumley in conversation re-
marked that he had received flatter-
ing offers from prominent circus
men, but he had invariably declined
to make his living in this way. Our
gigantic friend left last night for the
North in search of employment.—
Richmond Waig.

The wholesale dealers and manu-
facturers of tobacco in Richmond,
Va., have issued a circular, in which
they urge upon the planters the ne-
cessity, in order to advance the
price of tobacco, to grow less and
better grades. They say the tobacco
market is crowded with tobacco
of inferior grades, and in order to
reduce the quantity of the tobacco
to raise prices at all this year of in-
ferior qualities. Fine grades are al-
ways scarce, and will command high
prices, in spite of the depression the
trade is suffering so materially from.
Very common grades will hardly pay
freight and commission, much less
cost of production.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The build-
ing for the insane, connected with
the Steuben county poor-house, was
fired by a lunatic, who, with four-
teen others, was burned to death.
The iron grating to the windows
prevented the escape of the victims.
There were sixty or seventy inmates;
the details are blood chilling. The
man was badly injured, over forty
were rescued, and several escaped
in the extreme.

A LITTLE
Palmer, Ha
dentally ha
with a pole
a fence.

DECALCO

HUMOROUS.

Fun at Madison Court.

The Spring Term of the Court commenced Monday, Judge Cloud upon the bench. The crowd in attendance during the early part of the week was unusually large.

The charge of His Honor to the grand jury was delivered in a humorous, pleasant, and good sound practical common sense, and bristled all over with sharp points of law; directed at all superficial technicalities that only bewilder the common mind and leave the juror in doubt as to the manner or the authority for his discharging a very plain but imperative duty.

Judge Cloud is a man of speech, sterling honesty, and most unquestionable integrity; of ductile disposition, he can be influenced by sound and able argument, from a position taken at first being only tenable, but not after a few minutes of his own admission into error, or cause him to swerve from the line of judicial duty. Phlegmatic by nature, and impassioned only when he perceives the scales of justice with an unflinching hand, and guides with unerring certainty the compass of men's errors and their commensurate punishment.

These traits are corroborated by the records of the Supreme Court, before which he has held the scales of justice, and reversed on any other Judge on the Superior Court Bench. His idiosyncrasy leads strangers into error in forming an estimate of his judicial and social character, and these unconnected notions as to his legal ability and moral worth have been the cause of merciless criticism by press of the State, of the officer and the man.

Many are the anecdotes told of the peevishness of this peculiar Judge. He has an antipathy for delivery, humorous, and his forthright and somewhat striking his anti-litigiousness with the force of an electric shock. He would stop the wind from whistling were it in his power to grapple the reins of the storm king, or turn back to their source the sweet melody of the sighing pines. He would silence the hotel where he stops and pipe "Old Dan Tucker."

"Gwine to Run All Night," and other ancient melodies, much to the discomfort of his Honor and the discomfiture of the innkeeper and the discomfiture of the innkeeper and the discomfiture of the innkeeper.

At Marshall Court he was much annoyed by the "whoop-whoop" of the hog-droppers passing up the road. "Sherrif," cried the Judge, "stop that noise."

The Sheriff was silent, and the quiet, dignified clerk arose and said, "May it please your honor, it is impossible to stop that noise, it's the hog-droppers."

"What do you know about hog-droppers—hog-droppers? You couldn't drive a steer in a lane with a hoop-pole."

While holding Court in one of the lower counties, he discovered thirteen men in the jury-box. "Mr. Sheriff," said he, "how many is there in that jury-box?"

"Only twelve, your honor."

"That's a lie. I've counted that jury twice, and there is thirteen in that box—Call the names of the jury."

The Clerk proceeded to call the names of the jurors, the Sheriff keeping tally. Twelve men only responded.

"That, now, that other man that didn't answer. What's he doing in that box?"

"May it please your honor, that's the Deputy Sheriff."

"Deputy Sheriff! Get out of that!"

While holding Court at Bakersville, the Judge became restless under the incessant gabble of a flock of geese that were feeding on the grass plot behind the Court House.

"Sherrif, drive them geese off from here."

"May it please your honor, every body in town owns geese, and if I drive them off I'll keep them off."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Tobacco Interest.

[From the Raleigh Observer.]

The discussion of the tobacco tax in Congress and throughout the country gives more than ordinary interest to the figures compiled by the Bureau of Statistics. Few persons have more than a vague idea of the magnitude of the consumption of tobacco in this country, or the immense sum of money involved in the trade. Last year a tax on tobacco of \$41,105,546 was paid to the government through the internal revenue department. Of the \$41,000,000, \$40,990,836 was net income to the government, derived from 112,722,054 pounds of chewing and smoking tobacco, 1,799,412,920 cigars and cheroots, 149,069,257 cigarettes and 5,424,048 pounds of snuff. The net internal revenue receipts last year were \$112,226,047, about one-third of which, it will be seen, was derived from tobacco. The consumption showed an increase last year of 5,658,500 pounds over the previous year, and the present low prices, it is calculated, will still further increase the consumption this year. Since 1862 the almost fabulous sum of \$2,322,829,826 has been paid to the government in internal taxes on liquors, tobacco, banks and bankers, and other matters. The receipts from tobacco were about one-fourth of this amount. Since 1862 the government has paid revenue officials \$14,029,836 in salaries, of which about \$2,500,000 has been spent in collecting the tobacco tax.

The imports of tobacco during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, were 7,551,683 pounds of leaf tobacco valued at \$3,728,619, and 536,524 pounds of cigars, valued at \$2,002,547, besides other manufactures of tobacco, valued at \$81,231, making a total valuation of \$5,812,000. During the fiscal year of 1875-76, 7,882,974 pounds of leaf tobacco, worth \$3,710,490, and 658,655 pounds of cigars, valued at \$2,371,157, were imported. Almost all of this came from Cuba, though there were moderate importations from Central America, Chili, China, Germany, England, Canada, Mexico, and other parts; the most of our importations of foreign tobacco, are from Havana—the most costly of any in the world. The United States takes the bulk of Cuban tobacco available for export. Other countries think they cannot afford to pay the high prices demanded for Havana tobacco, but our own extravagant and luxurious country will pay anything rather than not have it.

The export trade in domestic tobacco is enormous. Last year our exports of home-grown leaf were 282,836,000 pounds, valued at \$28,825,521, besides \$3,154,000 worth of cigars and cigarettes and snuff; in 1875 there were 223,901,000 pounds, worth \$25,241,000, together with \$2,600,000 worth of cigars, &c.; in 1874 the exports of leaf reached the unprecedented total of 318,000,000 pounds. Of the shipments, 63,055,718 pounds, valued at \$8,072,575, went to England, and 4,681,845 pounds, worth \$665,467, to Scotland. France took 28,488,442 pounds, worth \$2,491,421; Germany, 76,339,888 pounds, valued at \$7,037,249; Italy, 33,824,379 pounds, worth \$3,734,030; the Netherlands, 23,378,745 pounds, worth \$1,595,517; Spain, 15,281,482 pounds, valued at \$866,650, while Belgium took 10,460,018 pounds, worth \$885,165. Not an inconsiderable portion of these exports was chewing tobacco. The port of Havana will not admit any American or other foreign tobacco except the Kentucky chewing description, as the Cubans depend somewhat on America for this kind, which does not in the least interfere with the sale or the reputation of their own product.

An important branch of the tobacco traffic is the trade in snuff, from which the Government derives a revenue of over \$1,000,000 annually.

Prices of tobacco are now an important item—lower than for some years. Kentucky tobacco is now quoted at from 8 to 8 1/2 cents per pound; at this time last year it brought from 4 1/2 to 2 cents—showing another material reduction.

Cigars are much cheaper, especially domestic.

Most of the domestic tobacco is raised in Pennsylvania and the New England States, but the West produces considerable. The crop of 1877 is estimated at 80,000 cases in New England, 45,000 cases in Pennsylvania, 10,000 in New York, 25,000 in Ohio, and 20,000 in Wisconsin and Illinois—a total of 180,000 cases, averaging 350 pounds each—without counting Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky. The yield of tobacco per acre in this country is all the way from 800 pounds up to a ton, and a gentleman formerly engaged in tobacco culture avers that he has raised as much as 2,700 pounds to the acre; this, however, is something very unusual.

New York has the largest share in marketing the tobacco crop, and last year paid \$7,000,000 in taxes; the only State that approached this was New Jersey, which paid close to \$4,000,000. Considerable is also done in Richmond, Louisville, Baltimore and New Orleans, besides Western cities. Most of the internal revenue tax of \$7,000,000 collected from New York State last year paid by New York city, which unquestionably does the largest business in tobacco of any city in the world.

The individual consumption in the United States is stated thus by the Bureau: In 1877, 0.151 pounds; in 1876, 0.166 pounds; in 1875, 0.171 pounds; in 1874, 0.216 pounds; in 1873, 0.218 pounds; and in 1872, 0.176 pounds. A gradual reduction since the panic is here indicated.

VEGETINE.

Chills, Shakes, FEVER AND AGUE.

TABERNASH N. C., 1873.

Mr. STEVENS:—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks by informing you of the wonderful cure of my son; also, to let you know that Vegetine is the best medicine I ever saw for Chills, Shakes, Fever and Ague. My son was sick with malarial fever, which left him with a great deal of pain, all of the time; the pain was so great he did nothing but cry. The doctor did not help him a particle, he could not lift his foot from the floor, he could not move without crutches. I read your advertisement in the "Louisville Courier-Journal," that Vegetine was a great Blood Purifier and Blood Food. I tried one bottle, which was a great benefit. He kept on with the medicine, gradually getting better. He has taken eighteen bottles in all, and he is completely restored to health, walks without crutches or cane. He is fifteen years of age. I have a younger son, fifteen years of age, who is subject to Chills. Whenever he feels one coming on, he comes in taken a dose of Vegetine and is the last of it. He is the greatest medicine in the world. Respectfully, Mrs. J. W. LLOYD.

Vegetine—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE.

Dyspepsia, Nervousness and General Debility.

BERNARDUS, N.Y., 1873.

We, the undersigned, having used Vegetine, take pleasure in recommending it to those troubled with *Nervousness, or General Debility*, and have found entire relief from both, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who have other patent medicines put together.

MRS. L. F. PERKINS, of New York City, writes: "I have used Vegetine for the relief of my nervous system, and have found it to be a most valuable medicine. It has restored me to health, and I have been long and painful sufferer."

VEGETINE.

FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE And Rheumatism.

CINCINNATI, O., April 9, 1877.

Dear Sir:—I have used your Vegetine for Nervous Headache, and also for Rheumatism, and have found entire relief from both, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who have other patent medicines put together.

Dr. J. W. LLOYD, of New York City, writes: "I have used Vegetine for the relief of my nervous system, and have found it to be a most valuable medicine. It has restored me to health, and I have been long and painful sufferer."

VEGETINE.

DRUGGISTS' TESTIMONY.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:—

I have been selling your Vegetine for nearly three years, and take pleasure in recommending it to our customers, and in no instance where a blood purifier was needed, has it ever failed to effect a cure, to our knowledge. It certainly is the *ne plus ultra* of renovators.

Respectfully, E. M. SHEPHERD & CO., Druggists, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

It is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY OF Literature, Science and Art.

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With the number for January, this magazine begins its twenty-first volume. During the ten years of its existence it has won a high place in periodical literature, and its conductors will spare no efforts in the future to maintain its reputation, constantly aiming to supply their patrons with a fund of the best and most attractive reading.

EMBRACING SERIAL & SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, ESSAYS ON POPULAR SUBJECTS, POEMS, REVIEWS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Among the attractions for the new year, the publisher would call attention to: SERIAL NOVELS, embracing "FOR PERCIVAL," a charming story of English life, handsomely illustrated; and a NEW AMERICAN STORY, by ELIZABETH W. OLNEY, the talented author of "Love in Idleness," which will be commenced on the conclusion of "For Percival."

A series of ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, embracing several on SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE, (including Bulgaria and Roumania) by EDWARD KING; descriptions of OLD ENGLISH TOWNS, by able contributors; Descriptions of Parts of SWEDEN, by Professor JAKOB A. HANSSON; Sketches of Life in NEW-YORK, by OLIVE LOCKER; Some Account of the ITALIAN LAKES, by ROBERT A. MCLERO, etc.

PAPERS ON FRENCH LIFE AND MANNERS, by HENRY JAMES; THE WIND RIVER COUNTRY, (especially interesting on account of the Indian troubles) by GEN. J. S. BURNES; U.S. JUDGE NICHOLAS, by PAUL R. SHIPMAN; and various subjects by J. W. MURPHY, M.D., Sarah B. Wren, Edward C. Hulse, Rev. LEONARD W. BACON, and others.

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Leave Greensboro 6:05 p.m. 8:20 a.m.

Arrive at Salisbury 7:12 p.m. 10:20 a.m.

*Air-Line Junction 8:55 p.m. 12:00 p.m.

*Charlotte 9:25 p.m. 12:25 p.m.

*No. 3 Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina; at Charlotte with C. & A. R. R. for all points in the South and Southeast and Florida points.

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*Meal Stations. No. Daily. No. 4 Daily.

Leave Greensboro 11:10 a.m. 10:41 p.m.

Arrive at Salisbury 12:20 p.m. 11:20 a.m.

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*Charlotte 2:25 p.m. 5:25 p.m.

*No. 2 Connects at Salisbury with A. M. & O. R. R. for Petersburg, etc.; at Beale Island with Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac R. R. for all points North, East and West; at Richmond with C. & O. R. R. for all points West.

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1827.

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